

1058  
14-7-14

Love! One:

Thursday night

This is yet another one of my letters of explanation following a telephone conversation I am able to joke on the phone, conduct business on the phone, but have some difficulty expressing heart and soul on the phone. Mr. thoughts ran up when I'm feeling intense, and without hands and face to complete the expression, I'm helpless. The things I wish to say sound coming inside my head.

Tonight I wanted to say so much to you but didn't know how to get it across without sounding trite or eccentric. So, my most dear friend, I will try now: I understand the solutions you see to your problems - especially the <sup>(your)</sup> preferred one. But I keep feeling (even when my mood is black or bleak) so very strongly that there is something else. Another way. Something that hasn't happened yet. It's not a mystical sense that some sort of righteousness about the Universe will tip the situation over. An extremely unfortunate set of events and people have put you, most unfairly, into your cell in Garfield County, Colorado. There is a way (one at least) to get you back out of that maze. Finding it, making



it happen, hasn't taken place. Yet. But I am dead certain it is there. And am dead certain that it will happen. That barring your solution, you and I will be able to go out and have a beer. Just like normal folks. Now, I am so positive that even though I have no idea of when or where or how, I am looking forward to it.

Tonight is indescribably bad. I want to be in Glenwood Springs. Wish so much I could be with you. For both of us. I do worry, get frantic and frustrated. It would help to be closer. And I have thought about relocating. Would up and do so if you were scheduled to be there on a more permanent basis. And I toy with applying for work at the Utah Energy Office. If there is one. At one time, a couple of years ago, I planned to pass the Foreign Service Officer's test - no educational requirements on it. I'm barely enough to make it (given that I could drive myself to acquire an understanding of ~~English~~ ~~English~~). But I've come to such a caring and commitment to you that I don't want it. I want to be close enough to at least make phone calls, and visit now and



then. Be here if I can help. And be in the same part of the world as you, for me. It's hard to explain, but I need you. Don't need hardly anything or anybody, independent of your person that I am. But I need you, the affection that I get, and that which I feel. I've been around enough. I've been upstairs enough to know that such affection, such caring is a blessing, treasureable thing. The only way I wish to be severed from such a rarity is at your decision. Which I would understand, and learn to live with, naturally.

But the despair that I feel tonight is not the hopeless variety. It is that, at the moment, you have such a heavy load to carry. That I can ease it for you. Would that I could. Lord, I do love you, Theodore. And don't misunderstand - it's not out of pity, not that I think you're helpless. I don't want you ~~ever~~ to think that my caring is for the predicament instead of the person. I couldn't do that. Any way you aren't a helpless man - it would be ridiculous to pity or not love for what you are.



17 City right now. Enough to overwhelm  
anybody, no matter how tough or resolute or right.  
All you can do, all we can do is hang in there.  
Keep pitching. Pick it out. Hack away at the  
beast until it falls over dead. And it will.  
You needn't be the most important thing in the  
world right now. I put some stock in Gills  
prediction/premonition. And again, dreamt Bury  
even without Jill and what she thinks, or anybody  
else and what they think, I know you are wrong  
and I know there's a way for you to be free.

Always, all my love -

Charles Owen